

Trust Co. B. H. Kroger is now president of the combined institution.

Like Cox, Kroger is in his fifties. Like Cox, he started his career as delivery boy for a grocery, but his rise has been far different.

Cox, at 58, despite his wealth, is repudiated and discredited.

B. H. Kroger, at 51, is an honored, public-spirited citizen, and one who has aided in the revolution that finally resulted in the overthrow of the boss.

The beginning of 1911 saw no shadow of events to come. Every

indication was that Cox would prosper in his way for many years to come.

Then on February 21, a grand jury returned against him an indictment for perjury in connection with large gifts of public interest money which county treasurers had given the boss.

He was repudiated definitely on election day, November 7; the entire anti-gang ticket was elected.

And two weeks later Cox made a graceful retirement from the stage of financial affairs by merging his bank with another.

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## AFTER SUPPER TALKS

With Cynthia Grey

She had come out of "pity." She looked around her. Just a little house of two rooms, with nothing but the most abject necessities, a bed, a chair or two, a table—all immaculately clean, but so pitifully bare.

She wondered what life could give in such a place; if there could be any compensation for the things the world counts worth while.

She looked at the big, hunking "common" man standing there; at the woman with toil-stained hands and garbled in cheapest print, and asked herself what life could mean to those two but "groveling" among baser things.

Then, suddenly, the poor room became vocal with things long forgotten.

The homely arm chair, with the home-made footstool for "his" tired feet, the small rocker, like a living presence, close beside it; the tiny garments; so few, and cheap, and coarse; but with every stitch set by loving fingers for the joy to come; the father-and-mother look in the faces of the two.

All voiced that which neither gold can buy nor wealth retain; without which a palace is meaner and more cheerless than a hovel.

Love makes a home **ANY** place, **ANYWHERE** that it abides, and the nearest heaven of anything this wide earth holds.

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Great Britain consumed last year 286,892,000 pounds of tea and 29,195,000 pounds of coffee.

It's well not to be a first child. Parents try out all their theories on the first ones.